DECORATION DAY.

Flowers for the feet of Peace,
Sweet rose and lily white,
As she retreads the road,
The blood-red road of fight;
The waving corn and wheat
For the long hot lanes of war;
For bastions fringed with flame
The light of Freedom's star.

Flowers for the resting brave!
So every grave shall be
An altar fresh and green
Sacred to Liberty,
An altar green and sweet
For the true heart beneath—
For each the rose of love,
For each the laurel wreath.

Peace, peace, and sweetest fame
O'er all the land to-day!
No anger and no blame
Between the Blue and Gray.
To you, heroic dead,
Resting in dreamless calm,
We bring the rose of love,
The victor's stainless palm.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

ALWAYS SUSPICIOUS.

A Peculiarity of the Gypsies in All Lands.

A People Whose Aim is to Appear Stupid to Strangers—A Gypsy Letter—Unchangeable Goodness to Each Other.

There is something truly remarkable about the almost unchangeable reserve of the Gypsy in the presence of any other than his own people, and of his singular shifts and efforts to be as one dumb. Catch him in a city or trading in a village or come upon him in any sort of mixed company, and his reticence is so marked that the ordinary observer would set him down as inordinately stupid. This habit is universal among these people and they break through it only under great stress of badgering or necessity. * * * * * It is only with the most ignorant of countryside folk, or among those not of their race who are thoroughly known and have been unqualifiedly tested, that they relax from this sodden manner and pretense of brainlessness. Test this at any time and in any way and you will find it true. As is almost true of one or two other races we have with us, they have no race sympathy with us; they resist all association with us: they can not bear any manner of intermingling or mixing up. All people not Gypsies are, to their notion, made for them to forage from, to subsist upon. Therefore, and because this is true of the whole race, and not exceptionally true of a part of it, or of individuals, their ways among us are, and forever will be, the exact opposite of what they are among themselves. Pretense, affectation, deceit, then, are become their nature. Nor must these qualities be reckoned against them as parts of their real selves. Foxes may be quite sociable and jolly and generous at home. But the Gypsy nature is the fox nature, limitless in degree, in all that side of him, in all things, which must be presented to all other mankind. That is the very essence of Gypsyism. Rapidly as they are increasing among us, because all conditions for the same are with us infinitely more favorable than the world ever gave them elsewhere, large as is the wealth they are piling up in farm and city property, they do not lose an iota of that impenetrable armoring of eternal alertness of pretended non-alertness, unintelligent simplicity, and unassailable repellence that have protected them through the centuries with wonderful isolation from every possible race encroachment. To-day and right here among us they pursue, concerning the most absurdly trivial happenings, precisely the same suspicious exclusiveness, wary and all unnecessary precaution, and what would appear to us as outrageously silly finesse, that they did when battling for their very lives against continental edicts of extermination in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In this regard their precaution and over-caution are often laughably ridiculous. Countless little incidents of this sort have happened in my own wanderings among them, all too trivial to relate, yet all enabling a sure judgment of a noteworthy characteristic. One instance, illustrative of them all, I may be pardoned for repeating.

I had been generously entertained by several families of Gypsy friends in the spring of 1878, near Chicago, at the little village of Lyons, on the Desplaines river, a sleepy, old and nest-like place which the Gypsies much frequent. Thinking to return their goodness, I proposed a trip to the theater. They consented only after great urging; and, looking forward to a rare treat in the enjoyment of their enjoyment and wonderment, on returning to the city I bought and mailed them twenty seats for a Wednesday evening's performance at the Haverly Theater, then occupying the site of the present First National Bank. Full of delighted expectancy I arrived at the theater, only to find that the seats I had purchased for my Gypsy friends entirely filled with ordinary city folk. After sitting out a part of the play, I left the place disappointed and disgusted, not, however, without catching a glimpse of one of the Gypsies lurking near the entrance, who, as soon as he was seemingly sure of having seen me in my discomfiture, skulked away in the darkness.

Business called me away from the city for a few days, but this desertion by my Gypsy proteges worried me. Hoping for some clew to their action, when I returned I applied to the redoubtable Fitzsimmons at the box-office. That individual, while giving me a rich blackguarding for turning his mastodonic master's temple of art into a bear-garden by filling it with unwashed Gypsies whose outlandish actions had kept the audience in an uproar the entire evening, disclosed the fact that no sooner had the Gypsies received the tickets than one of the band had immediately taken a train for the city and exchanged them from Wednesday to Friday evening. I could thus see that their natural and unchangeable race suspicion and caution of one not of their people, though a tried friend, prompted the cunning ruse to first defeat my entire plan, then set a watch upon me to observe whether my action was consistent with genuinely disappointed friendly interests, and then to deceive me as to the true motive for such action. The latter was attended to on their part in the following epistle taken from my Gypsy relics, which is now before me as I make its exact copy:

LYONS, il 6th May. 1878.

deer Fren

i tak the tim to addres you theas fu lins and Thanks for the Ticits welcomly resefd we cudn cum wensdy For the old Foks diden git Hoam, and the riverSide rodes was Bad we Cum fridy and was Loken al Oaver for you And had a Hi old Tim that Acten was wunful where was you

hopin this Fids you in God helt cloas and best Regars from Al
your Fren
George W. Carpenter.

This George Carpenter is a wonderful fellow in his way: a veritable American Gypsy John Bunyan. He is the author of a poem "Save the Sweetest Kiss for Me," and other goodly rhymes in my possession. The letter bore every evidence of serious effort, and I wisely let it stand as a friendly regret rather than an unpleasant deception. The entire matter is simply a true expression of a universal Gypsy trait. Had they met me at the theater according to agreement in a straightforward manner, that fact would have given undubitable proof that they were not Gypsies at all.

But in the home-life of the camp, safe and secure in the seclusion of the sheltered spot which holds all he owns and loves, then it is that the Gypsy has a happy heart, a radiant face, a laughing eye, a waggish tongue, and many lightsome ways, merry, care-free and jubilant as the birds. Nor would I be just to these strange people did I not bring this truth about them into the strongest light and best relief. To know Gypsies—they are so rapidly increasing in numbers through wonderful fecundity, care of their children, with constant vast additions from Europe, that by the close of the present century they will comprise from two to three per cent of the entire population—and they must ere long be well and widely known, we must be large and generous enough to perceive and appreciate their own hearth-side, heartful life. We must see that they love and treasure and hope, not just in our way, but in a way which, to their kind, is full of the simple truthfulness, the patient and true affection, and the devoted loyalty, which with us have been set as types for the world to love, by eloquent tongues and inspired pens since true sentiment has thrilled the heart of man. Hence, whatever Gypsies are to you or to the world at large, while you may judge them never so harshly for what you may call vagabondism, there is behind what you conclude in your superior intelligence to be wholly bad a condition you know nothing about which must enter into any honest estimate of the race. This condition is one which all Gypsy instinct resents your participation in or your knowledge of. But it is a condition which, if fully known and recognized, would immeasurably redeem the race from contumely and reproach. And because the world-mind is narrowed and fixed upon a determined notion that Gypsies are utterly worthless to society at large, the task of conveying any adequate and true revelation of the slightest good in them is a woful one indeed.

Here is a likeness to what I wish I could convey fully: Take the average men of the world, the business men, weighed down by interminable duties and responsibilities which none but themselves fully realize. Of these how few there are who have not gained a reputation, among the most who lock horns in business affairs with them, for cruelty, niggardliness, hard-heartedness, and, may be, downright meanness? And yet these men's true natures are not that at all. Within the circle of their chosen friends, and in their homes these men's true natures are in the main of generosity, fidelity, goodness. And it is in some way like this that the Gypsy should be made known. Crafty, stupid, wary, hard, unworthy vagabond though you deem him, as he faces you and mankind in his battle for life and those he loves, he has another side, a cheery, good and manly one, too, which, without one iota of the prompting all modern society possesses, glows with generosity, kindness, helpfulness, good cheer, and a spirit of positive loveliness.—*Edgar L. Wakeman, in Chicago News.*

—**Weekly Bazoo, $1 per year. Try it.**

POTATO CULTURE.

The Soil and Climate Best Suited to the Growth of Mealy Tubers.

But a small portion of the territory of the United States is adapted to the profitable production of common potatoes. It is true that they can be raised in every State and Territory, but in several of them the yield is ordinarily small and the quality poor. The largest crops are raised in the northwestern portion of Maine and the smallest in the southwestern portion of Texas. Good potatoes are produced in all the States and most of the Territories that border on Canada. In all of them, when the facilities for transportation are good, potatoes constitute a paying crop to raise for the market. In Aroostook County, Maine, five hundred bushels of potatoes are not unfrequently raised on an acre of ground. Their quality is so excellent that they bring a high price in the market. Beaver Island, situated near the north end of Lake Michigan, furnishes the finest late potatoes that come to this market. In high northern latitudes it is practicable to plant potatoes in the fall and to dig them in a year from the following spring. On the islands in the great lakes snow generally falls to a considerable depth before the soil is frozen, and it protects from injury the potatoes that are in the ground.

Excellent early potatoes are raised in nearly all the Southern States. It is very difficult, however, to keep them any considerable length of time. If planted in early spring, they mature in midsummer. If they are dug at that time, they soon wither. If they are allowed to remain in the ground, they sprout, or "take a second growth," which ruins them for eating purposes. In some cases a late crop of potatoes can be raised in the South, but its success will depend on the season. Localities liable to severe and long-continued droughts are very unfavorable to raising good crops of potatoes. A moist climate and a temperature nearly even throughout the growing season are favorable to potatoes. A continuous growth from the time the tubers sprout till the new ones are of full size is what is wanted. This is insured by moisture and an even temperature. An arrest of growth caused by lack of moisture or an excess of heat injures the quality and lessens the yield of potatoes. The quicker a crop of potatoes is raised the better will the quality be likely to be and the larger the yield. The largest crops of potatoes are raised when the growing season is quite short or when the climate is cool and moist from the time of planting to that of harvesting.

For producing a crop for the market late varieties of potatoes are generally more profitable than early ones. Not many years ago, early potatoes raised in the North brought good prices. But such is not now the case. Every city market is supplied with potatoes raised in the South long before those raised here are in a condition to dig. Early potatoes have ceased to rank as luxuries several weeks before any raised in the North are at a size to harvest, and their price has fallen. Early potatoes can not be depended on to keep in good condition during the winter, and they are not wanted in the spring except for planting. Potatoes that ripen in October, if properly taken care of during the winter, will be in excellent condition in the spring. They can then be sent to market, and will ordinarily bring good prices. Every farmer should raise some early potatoes for his own use, and he may find it profitable to raise some to sell in towns not supplied with those produced in the South. The main crop, however, should be of the late varieties, which are as a rule much the most productive. The varieties that give the largest yield are those that continue to produce tubers till quite late in the summer.

Observations in most parts of the country show that what is called "new land"—that which has not been cropped many years—is best for producing potatoes. They require considerable potash, in which old soils are likely to be deficient. A stiff clay soil is not suitable for producing potatoes, though it may contain much potash. It is likely to be too compact to allow the tubers to freely expand in it. It becomes very hard in a dry time and sticky in the fall when the potatoes are dug. Sandy soils, if well fertilized, are good for producing early potatoes, but large crops of late potatoes can not generally be raised on them if the season is dry. The quality of potatoes is likely to be influenced by the character of the soil in which they grow. Dry, mealy potatoes of sweet, nutty flavor are not produced on moist land or on that on which rank manure has been applied. They are only raised on soil quite rich in potash and lime and which owes its fertility chiefly to well-rotted vegetable matter, like leaf mold. The best fertilizers for land that is to be devoted to potatoes are well-rotted stable manure, forest leaves, bone meal and ashes. Rank manure is likely to produce "scab" and to impart a bad flavor to potatoes.

Clean culture is necessary to the production of large crops of potatoes, as weeds and grass take nutriment from the soil that should go to the potato plants. Clean culture will also render the harvesting of the crop an easy matter. There is no more disagreeable work on a farm than digging and picking up potatoes on land nearly covered with rank grass and weeds. Many good tubers will be cut, bruised or lost if the land where the potatoes grow is covered with vegetation at the time of harvest. The land, too, will be in bad condition for a crop the following year. If it is kept clean, however, it will be in excellent condition for most any kind of a crop. It may not be advisable to use the plow or cultivator between the rows of potatoes after the period of blossoming, which is about the time the tubers are formed, as they should not be disturbed. It is better to use a sharp hoe for scraping the sides of the rows, and not to allow it to enter the soil to a greater distance than is required to kill the weeds. This is the plan usually pursued in cultivating sweet potatoes, and it works well with common potatoes.—*Chicago Times.*

THE PARIS TOWER.

What the Projector of the Gigantic Structure Has to Say About It.

Paris is to have the greatest tower in the world, after all. M. Eiffel's tower, which the Government has authorized him to raise on the Champ de Mars, will dominate all Paris, and surpass, in fact almost double, in height the highest existing structure. Liberty, to whom such homage was paid for her grandeur and greatness, is but a pigmy of the statue world compared with this gigantic monster. Lord Nelson's monument, London, is 162 feet; "Liberty," New York, 220 feet; St. Paul's, London, 300 feet; the Great Pyramid, 460 feet; St. Peter's, of Rome, 507 feet; the Cologne Cathedral, 532 feet; the Washington Monument, at present the highest in the world, 555 feet; and the Paris Tower is 1,000 feet. In order to find out what M. Eiffel had to say to the various objections which have been made to his tower, and to get his opinion on its utility, I called on him the other day at his works at Lenallois-Perret. To him his great projection is synonymous with the success of the exhibition.

"They begin by declaring," he remarked, referring to his adversaries, "that my tower is not French. It is big enough and clumsy enough for the English or Americans, but it is not our style, they say. We are occupied more with little artistic *bibelots* than giants of bad taste like your tower. But though we are occupied most with art and music, that is no reason," said he, emphatically, "why we should not show the world what we can do in the way of great engineering projects. And as for its being bad taste, why, on the contrary, it will be one of the chief ornaments of the town. One of the most frequent objections made to the tower is that it is useless. That is another error. Take its importance, for instance, from a meteorological point of view. It is not every day that meteorologists can get up one thousand feet above the soil. This tower will enable them to study the decrease of temperature at different heights, to observe the variations of winds, find out the quantity of rain that falls at different heights and the density of the clouds. Indeed, in all that relates to temperature, hygrometry, air currents and the composition of the air, the tower will afford opportunities for study and research, many of which have hitherto been impossible. It will be equally useful to astronomers. Here experience with the spectroscope can be carried on with great facility; the laws of refraction and the physical aspects of the moon, planets and nebula studied in most favorable conditions. I have received testimonies from savants on all these points. Then there is its utility from a military point of view. In the event of another siege of Paris see how important this tower would be. Communication could be kept up by means of optic telegraphy for a great distance around Paris; for from the summit you could have a magnificent panorama extending from 120 to 130 kilometers. Paris by night, decorated and illuminated as it will be during the exhibition, is a sight which before was only within the reach of aeronauts. In fact, the tower will be the chief attraction of the exhibition. Sir Cunliffe Owen remarked to me just the other day: 'Do you think that we English will come to look at your little *bibelots* and pots of pomade? No, but we will come in hundreds to see your tower.'"

"What if it topple over, M. Eiffel?"

"There is not the least danger of that. In our construction of the tower we have calculated on the force of the wind. We have calculated that the tower will normally withstand a wind pressure of 300 kilogrammes per square meter, which amounts to a total pressure of 2,250,000 kilogrammes. We have made this calculation on the most favorable hypothesis possible. We have reckoned the trellis work as full walls, and made other allowances. And as the strongest tempests ever known in Paris have never been beyond a pressure of 150 kilos per square meter, the tower is perfectly secure. Should a wind bearing a force of 300 kilos arise, little would be left standing in Paris but the tower."—*Paris Cor. Pall Mall Gazette.*

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Whereas, Mattie E. Smith and husband, Henry C. Smith, by their certain deed of trust dated the 26th day of February, 1875, and recorded in the Recorder's office of Pettis county, at trust deed book 8, page 629, conveyed to the undersigned trustee all their right, title, interest and estate, in and to the following described real estate, situated in the County of Pettis, State of Missouri, viz: Lot seven (7), in block (6) six, Smith and Martin's first addition to Sedalia, Missouri, which said conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment of one certain promissory note in said deed described, and whereas said note has become due and is unpaid, now therefore, in accordance with the provisions of said deed of trust and at the request of the legal holder of said note, I shall proceed to sell the above described real estate at court house, in the city of Sedalia, in the county of Pettis, State aforesaid, to the highest bidder for cash, at public auction, on

FRIDAY, THE FIRST DAY OF JULY, 1887,

between the hours of nine in the forenoon and five in the afternoon of that day, to satisfy said note, together with the cost and expense of executing this trust.

P. H. SANGREE, Trustee.
5-31-4wt

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that letters of administration on the estate of Nancy Randall, deceased, were granted to the undersigned on the 28th day of May, 1887, by the Probate Court of Pettis county, Missouri. All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them for allowance to the administrator, within one year after the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of such estate; and if such claims be not exhibited within two years from the date of this publication, they shall be forever barred.

This 1st day of June, 1887.

D. A. CLARKE, Administrator, C. T. A.
6-7w-4t